

H O N E S T Y

IN

Distress;

B U T

Reliev'd by No P A R T Y.

A

T R A G E D Y,

As it is Acted on the Stage, &c.

A C T I.

Scene, *A Palace.*

Honesty alone.

Lady and Attendance.

Honesty begins her Suit.

Lady turning to her Servants.

Lady's Woman.

Footman to Honesty at going off.

Honesty alone.

A C T II.

Scene *Westminster-Hall, with the Court sitting.*

Enter Honesty among the Lawyers.

One Lawyer to another.

Lawyer turning to Honesty.

Honesty sneaks off, and speaks aside.

Attorney to Brother Snap.

Honesty is whisper'd in the Ear by a ruin'd Client.

A C T III.

Scene *The CITY.*

Honesty begging along the City.

A Precise Apothecary to his Man.

Honesty [aside.]

Victualler to the Bar-keeper and his Servants.

Honesty [aside.]

A Grocer to his next Neighbour a Hosier.

Honesty enters the Exchange.

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The PROLOGUE,

Spoken by a Miser going to Receive Money.

(Supposed to be at the Play-House.)

I 'Am in great Haste, good Friends, yet can't chuse
But stay one Moment, just to tell you News.
Dame Honesty so Day, but wondrous Poor.
Wrapp'd up in Rags, came Mumping to my Door ;
What Tatter'd Maukin have we here, said I ?
Poor Honesty, said she, both Cold and Dry :
Then Honesty, said I, pray go thy ways,
I never got Three-pence by thee in my Days :
I might have starv'd, I'm sure long since for thee ;
And now thou wantest, thou e'en mayst starve for me.
The Squeamish Gypsie, presently took Snuff,
And turn'd her Back upon me in a Huff.
Whither she is Rambl'd, Heav'n knows for me ;
She's not amongst you there, as I can see ;
Neither in Boxes, Galleries or Pit.
In the Huge Crowd of Fools, that Gaping sit
Nor can I find her out amongst you Men of Wit.
If in the Audience she has stol'n a Place,
And durst in Play-house show her honest Face,
Amongst the Ladies sure she must appear ;
But Faith, and Troth, I cannot find her there ;
Yet, tho' she's hard to find, I dare engage,
You'll see her by and by upon the Stage ;
But clothed in Wollen Rags, no Linnen under,
A Begging too, but that will prove no wonder ;
For in this Iron Age we daily see,
That Knavery gets the Start of Honesty :
And like our wiser Leaders, I protest,
I always side with those that thrive the best.
Cou'd I but stay, I wou'd provoke your Laughter,
And tell you more of what you'll find hereafter ;
But Time is come, and I must go from hence,
To fill this Bag with the Commanding Pence ;
For he that in our Christian City Thrives,
Must run when Int'rest, that dear Devil drives.



HONESTY in Distress, &c.

ACT I. SCENE, A Palace.

Enter Honesty alone.

From *Auch'r*'s lonely Caves, from *Hermits*'s Cells,
And Rural Huts, where sweet Contentment dwells;
From Consecrated Groves, and Heavenly Meads,
Where no Vile Wretch, or Lustful Harlot treads:
But where kind *Turtles* murmur out their Love;
And Saints Contemplate on the Joys above:
Where Good Men oft retire to shun the Rage,
And Noisy Tumults of a barbarous Age,
That undisturb'd, they calmly may sit down,
Freed from the dire Confusions of the Town;
From these blest Shades, where Vertue, Peace and Love,
Embrace each other, and united move;
In this plain home-spun Dress to Court I'm come,
Thus wander'd in my clouted Shoes from home;
How stately does this ancient Palace look!
How sweet those Walks! How pleasant yonder Brook!
How large and lofty are the Rooms design'd!
How richly are the Walls with Tapesty lind!
How easie do the Beds and Couches seem!
How all things merit Reverence and Esteem!
How costly Art does through the Whole appear!
Sure *Honesty* must needs be welcome here:
What mighty Man is stepping from his Coach?
This way he makes his Fortunate Approach;
In melting Words, I'll let him know my Case,
And beg him to relieve my sad Distress:
Good Noble Sir, Behold a wretched Maid,
Who, prostrate on my Knees, implores your Aid;
Friendless and Poor, a Stranger and Forlorn,
Empty my Pocket, and my Garment torn,
When Cold and Hungry, I for Pity call,
I am but despis'd, and frown'd upon by all;
Check'd by Great Men, by every Knave abus'd,
By Tradesmen slighted, by the Mob misus'd;

Fawn'd on in Publick, by each flattering Priest,
 But Snubb'd in private, as an odious Guest;
 Highly commended to the list'ning Crowd,
 Slowly follow'd, tho' extoll'd so loud;
 Prais'd by their Tongues, but by their Deeds disgrac'd,
 Approv'd, but seldom heartily embrac'd.
 My own ungrateful Sex express their hate,
 And seem well pleas'd at my dejected State;
 In their loose Thoughts my Vertues they disdain,
 And Copy all my modest Looks with Pain:
 Yet to seem like me is their chiefest Pride,
 Tho' with my Name, they oft their Vices hide:
 But now beneath these Miseries I'm fell,
 Few Women love me with a cordial Zeal;
 But like base Men on my Misfortunes frown,
 And let me rove neglected up and down:
 Therefore I am wander'd from afar to Court,
 To beg Relief from among the Nobler Sort
 For where shou'd Injur'd *Honesty* retreat
 For Shelter, but amongst the Rich and Great?
 If they their Pity to a Wretch deny,
 VVhere must wrong'd Innocence for Succour fly?

Courtier. You mumping, lazy Slut, how came you here?
 How dare you in such Rags address a Peer?
 Your Name without Enquiry, I can guess,
 From your thin Jaws and despicable Dress;
 You are a bold, forward Baggage, on my word,
 To crave Reception here, where you're Abhor'd,
 Alas! thou art grown even Scandalous of late,
 And thy stale Charms obnoxious to the State.
 The hide-bound Rules and Principles you boast,
 Are quite exploded, and entirely lost:
 To Kings and Nobles they have done much hurt,
 And always prov'd destructive to the Court;
 Monarchs on thy Account have been Undone,
 Whene'er Caref'd, thou'rt Fatal to the Throne.
 Some Princes have resign'd the Golden Prize,
 Rather than let thee fall a Sacrifice;
 But always have been blam'd for keeping True
 To such a weak and helpless Wretch as you.
 For Scepters are no longer safe, we see,
 Than Int'rest is prefer'd to *Honesty*.

VVer't thou but allow'd in Courts to pry about,
 No Office shortly would be worth a Groat.
 Our Num'rous Slaves would be reduc'd to few,
 And our *Six Horses* dwindle into *Two*;
 Therefore conceal thy Wants, and disappear,
 For should some Craving Courtier see you here,
 They would Charge you with a *Plot*, and swear you came
 To set the Court and Kingdom in a Flame.
 Depart with speed before you give Offence,
 Lest Policy and Int'rest drive thee hence;
 Make the Rude Soldiers hoot you from the Court,
 And turn your poor Condition to their Sport;
Virtue and *Rags* great Souls alike abhor;
Honour or *Wealth* are *Idols* we Adore:
 Begone, I say, the *Airy Wanton She*,
 Is far more welcome here than *Honesty*.
 For Refuge fly within the City-Walls,
 There mend their *Measures*, and reform their *Scales*;
 Reprove their *Compters* for Immoderate *Fees*,
 And give their *Traders* better *Consciences*;
 Teach *Loyalty*, till truly its embrac'd,
 Reclaim their *Woes*, and keep their *Daughters* Chast.
 Ne'er mind the Court, for our aspiring Souls,
 Must wander far beyond thy Narrow Rules.

[Exit Courtier.]

Honesty alone. What sad Returns to my Complaints I hear,
 That drown my greatest Hopes in wild Despair!
 The higher Rank, tho' nobler Bred we see,
 Regards not poor distressed *Honesty*.
 Wrapt up in Interest, they my Worth despise,
 And o'er my Head to *Wealth* and *Honour* rise;
 Condemn my *Virtues*, Brand me as a Cheat,
 And let me Mourn and Perish at their Feet.
 But see, some *Gallant Lady* moves this way,
 Tho' 'tis in vain, I'll t'other Moment stay.
 How Glorious she appears, she must, I see,
 Great Quailty by her Attendance be.
 Good Heav'n, with *Melting Words* inspire my Tongue,
 That I may move her as she treads along,
 To shew some Pity, and redress my Wrong.

Enter Lady and Attendance.

Honesty. Brightest of Beauties I have yet beheld,
To a Poor Virgin some Compassion yield;
Pity a Wretch, that's void of all Offence,
Who knows no Crime, but lives in Innocence;
Tho' thus reduc'd, from all Corruptions freed,
And a pure Maid in every Thought and Deed;
Banded from House to House, from Town to Town,
Pitied by few, and Entertain'd by none;
Pelted by the Rabble as I pass the Street,
And mock'd by every Scoundrel that I meet.
My Nature and my Name do well agree,
The Character I bear, is *Honesty*.
My Life is Virtuous, and my Actions Just,
I hope for Heaven, and in the Gods I trust;
Yet by the Angry Fates, thus low I'm hurl'd,
And know not one true Friend in all the World;
Therefore, *Sweet Lady*, I your Friendship crave,
Such Beauty a tender Heart must have.

The Lady turning to her Servants.

How came this Wench within the Palace Gate?
How boldly does the Tatter'd Gypsie Prate?
With what strange Confidence the *Maukin* Brags,
Of her starch'd Virtue in her stinking Rags!

Lady's Woman. A saucy Slut I'll warrant her, to profess,
Such stiff-neck'd *Honesty* in that poor Dress,
Honour has Vertue always by the hand,
The latter can't without the former stand;
The Rich and Noble are the Chaste and Good,
The Needy can't be Honest if they wou'd;
When Money Tempts, they Conquer all Restraints,
And Sacrifice their Virtue to their Wants.

Madam; Ne'er mind her Talk, poor silly Soul,
The Ragged Saint is but some Soldier's Trull;
By Laziness and Vice reduc'd to want,
And comes to Mount the Guard with her Gallant.
Foh, Nasty Thing, Dissembling, Lying Jade;
Bold Husky, she in Thought and Deed a Maid!

Madam, You stand too near the Frowzy Mixx,
If this be *Honesty*, I'll swear she stinks.

[Exit Lady and Attendance.]

Footman

Footman to Honesty at going off.

Poor Wretch begone, they'll make thee but their Sport,
Honesty is always Ridicul'd at Court;

No Beggar here succeed in what they Crave,
But the *Designing Jilt and Flattering Knave,*

Honesty alone. Unhappy Wretch! O miserable me!
That my own Sex shou'd so Censorious be.

Hard-hearted Woman, how could she express
Such cruel Thoughts, that add to my Distress:
Were her own Ills to publick Eyes made clear,
How Monst'rous wou'd the Vicious Wretch appear!

For none but those to wicked Courses bent,
Wou'd wrongfully accuse the Innocent;
How soon the Courtly Dame cou'd give an Ear
To her proud Confident and Flatterer!

Those, who on Sycophants for Truth rely,
Must be in most things basely led away;
For where the Fav'rite's sure to be believ'd,
The Great, by false Reports are oft deceiv'd;
By Flatterers and Tales are made to see,
Not what things are, but what they'd have 'em be.

A Soldier's Trull, alas, I am misus'd,
To find by my own Sex, I am thus abus'd:
Man's sordid Slights touch me not half so hard,
Because Honesty is a Woman's Guard;

The only Friend the Charming Fair can trust,
And the best Guide to keep their Actions Just:
But since to be despis'd, and made their Sport,
Is all the Welcome I can find at Court;

Along those shady Walks, I'll make my way,
That do to yonder lofty Piles convey:
Where Scarlet Justice does the Bench ascend,
To hear the smooth Tongu'd Advocates Contend,
And bring each weighty Difference to its doubtful End.

What, tho' at Court I've met with small Regard,
Where fawning Slaves and Flatterers seek Reward,
Yet how can Honesty ill Usage fear,
Where Equity and Law in Pomp appear.

[Exit Honesty.]

A 4

A C T

 ACT II. Scene *Westminster-Hall, with the Court sitting.*

Honesty. **H** Ark how the wrangling Tongues of Counsel Brawl,
In every crowded Corner of the *Hall*.

What Pains they take to unfold each knotty Case,
And give each Client's Cause an honest Face;
Whilst the contending Foes, 'twixt Hope and Fear,
Creep up behind, the learn'd Debates to hear;
Flatter'd one Moment that the Days our own;
Trembling the next left Cast, and quite undone:
So doubtful *Gamesters*, 'twixt the *Chance* and *Main*,
Now fear they Loose, next Minute hope to Gain;
What shall I say to smoothe the Learned Throng,
Assembled to distinguish *Right* from *Wrong*,
I know not how to Application make,
Tho' I for Succour pine, I fear to speak.
Yonder a Knot of *Grizly Sages* stand,
Consulting of some weighty Cause in Hand:
I'll Courage rake, and with my *Pauper's* Face,
Open to the Grave *Cabal* my wretched Case.

Dear worthy Sirs, whose *Sable Garments* shew,
You Justice in her Glorious Tracts pursue;
And learn'd is the Nation's crabbed Laws delight,
To ease the Oppress'd, and do the Injur'd Right;
Behold a Wand'ring Maid, tho' lov'd of Heav'n,
In this base World from Post to Pillar driv'n;
Hungry and Cold, for want of Food and Fire,
And thus disguis'd in Scandalous Attire.

At Court in vain I humbly sought Relief,
But there they only added to my Grief;
Despis'd my Rags, were deaf to my Complaints,
And made Sins the Author of my Wants:
Tho' Heaven that knows the Secrets of my Breast,
Can witness, tho' I am Poor, I'm truly Chast.
This severe Usage made me quit the Court,
And hither fly, where Justice does resort.
In hopes *Poor Virtue*, thus Oppress'd might find,
Your worthy Robe more Merciful and Kind.

One Lawyer to another.

The dirty Pug may serve Love's Fire to Quench,
Faith, Brother 'tis a wond'rous pretty Wench!

She'll

She'll soon leave begging when she knows the Town
Such Looks will make a tatter'd Smock go down.

2. *Lawyer*. Fie! Brother, Fie! You talk upon my Life,
As wild as if you'd quite forgot your Coif;
We are Old, and shou'd despise that Youthful Thought;
And tho' we can't, the World would think we ought.

3. *Lawyer*. For shame don't raise such Blushes in the Maid,
She thinks 'tis time that our *Colt's Teeth* were shed,
Tho' Sixty odd, I such a Lass cou'd please,
And make her know, that an old Rat loves Cheese.
Tell us my pretty Maid, from whence you came?
The Cause of thy Distress, and what's thy Name?

Honesty. On distant Plains till now, I've liv'd conceal'd,
Which with due Food and Rayment yield;
Born of a Race Divine, tho' Poor and Bare,
Justice and Mercy my Relations are;
No Prince on Earth a Nobler Kin can Boast;
Tho' now by wicked Means I'm almost lost.
Virtue and Truth my Loving Sisters be;
And tho' thus Wretched, I am *Honesty*.
Come hither in this despicable Dress,
In hopes with Pity you wou'd hear my Case.

1. *Lawyer*. *Honesty*, Brethren! there's a Saucy Jade?
What Business has she here? Why sure she's Mad?
Did ever such a Brazen Minx appear
Before the Publick Hall at *Westminster*?

2. *Law*. Begone, Bold Hussy; or I'll move my L--d
To give your Impudence its just Reward.
How dare you show that despicable Face,
Where *Gown-Men* Rendezvouz, and Law takes place?

3. *Law*. Hang her a Jilt; when she was valu'd here,
And Carefully Preserv'd by P---r and P---r.
We Painful Lawyers labour'd but in vain,
And were the Peoples Slaves for little Gain;
Took moderate Fees, not daring to encroach,
And hither gladly trudg'd without a Coach;
But since the Jade was banish'd by the Gown,
She Wanders like an Out-law up and down;
You see our Tongues are valu'd at high Rates,
And our Dark Deeds yield Visible Estates.

Lawyer turning to Honesty.

Begone, bold Vagrant, with thy frightful Looks!
Thou'rt but a *Maukin* here, that scares the Rooks;

Prefume no more within these Walls to come,
But let some Parish Alma-House be thy Home;
For Honesty, whilst Indigent and Bare,
Must ne'er expect to find Compassion here.

Honesty sneaks off, and speaks aside.

Wou'd I again from Human Sight was hid,
In some dark Gloom where soft *Meadows* glide,
That Generous Nature, so profusely good,
Might from its wild Exuberance yield me Food,
Amongst the Reeds and Flags I'd Rayment find,
And with my Fingers weave 'em to my mind;
For who enrich'd with Jewels of Content,
Needs dainty Food, or costly Ornament?
The Feather'd Choir, with their Harmonious Laws,
Shou'd sweeten Life, and bless my happy Days;
And the Kind Murmurs of Neighb'ring Streams,
At Night shou'd lull me into pleasant Dreams:
Nature's wild Off-springs shou'd around me Graze,
And hurtless on a harmless Creature Gaze.
But where no Human Monster cou'd be found,
To vex my Life, and Curse the happy Ground:
For oh! how base and faithless must they be,
Who look with such Contempt on Honesty?
But since by Fate at present I am decreed,
Amongst the Cruel Race to seek my Bread:
I'll move the meaner Classis e're I go,
Whose Hearts, perhaps, may more Compassion show.
Here comes a Tribe of busie Agents on,
Who bustle in a Sphere beneath the Gown;
I'll try, if I with them can intercede,
For those that spare to speak, must miss to speed.

Dear Sirs, with Eyes of Pity, I pray behold,
A Wretch near Perish'd with the Winter's Cold;
Who wanders up and down, but cannot find,
The Frozen World to Charity inclin'd.
Once was I nurs'd with Tenderness and Care,
And as a Darling valued every-where:
Hugg'd by the Tradesmen, Scholar and the Saint,
Priz'd as the happy Author of Content;
But now alas! expos'd to Misery and Want.
Poor Honesty, the Moral Name I bear,
And all my Actions consentaneous are;

Let

Let therefore your Compassion ease my Grief,
Who Sues in *Forma Pauperis* for Relief.

Attorney. Zook, Brother Snap; A Wonder I protest!
Pray look behind thee, here's a Welcome Guest!
A Scurvy Omen, Heaven mend us all!

To have *Honesty* among us in the Hall!
Who cou'd have ever thought she shou'd dare,
To shew her starv'd Face at *Westminster*.

2. *Attor.* I'll warrant the Baggage comes to pry about,
And like a Pick-thank, find our Failings out:
Let us but hide our Bills, and we are safe,

She may beg on, and whine, we'll win and laugh!

3. *Attor.* Thou young troublesome, hold Slat withdraw,
Such Vagrants shou'd be punish'd by the Law.
Go, keep the City-Knave from Cozenage free,
We have nothing here to do with *Honesty*:
Shou'd the Great Men but see your Startling Face,
They'll teach you to defile this Sacred Place.

Honesty is whisper'd in the Ear by a Ruin'd Client.

Sweat-Heart, let me advise thee to retire,
For *Honesty* is a perfect Scare-Crow here,
Whilst Law such crowds of griping Wolves supports,
And such Litigious Swarms surround her Courts,
Thou canst from them no more for Pity hope,
Than Hereticks for Mercy from the Pope.
I heard with sad Concern thy sad Complaint,
And gladly wou'd relieve thee, but I can't:
The Ravenous Law has swallow'd up my Store,
And in pursuit of Justice, left me poor.

[*Honesty aside.*]

Hard-hearted Scribes! How fordid and unkind?
Did ever Wretch such cruel Usage find?
How can the Great, the Grave, the Learned, the Wise,
That do to Rich and lofty Stations rise,
Look down with Scorn, and such ill Nature show,
To *Honesty*, that starving creeps below?
O wou'd but Heaven to Wealthy Men Reveal,
The Wants which some poor Wretches feel!
The Ridgid Miser wou'd unbolt his Door,
And bid a hearty Welcome to the Poor.
Tho' I have all these Disappointments met,
And on the lowest Step of Scorn am set,

I'll cheer my Heart, and thro' the City Range;
Honesty yet may be succem'd on *Change*.
 For since Starv'd Charity is grown so Cold,
 Amongst Great Men, we Beggars must be Bold.

Exit Honesty.

ACT III. Scene The City.

Honesty Begging along the City.

Dear tender Citizens, some Comfort spare,
 To a poor Object, Worthy of your Care :
 Beneath my Miseries may you never fall,
 But full command the Choice of *Leaden-Hall*.
 Pray pity that forlorn and friendless She,
 The Uncharitable World calls *Honesty*.
 Behold my Feeble Limbs and Meagre Face,
 My naked Feet, my cold, and tatter'd Dress.
 Open your Hearts, your Charity extend,
 That in this poor Condition I may end,
 Within these Ancient VValls some Christian Friend.

Linen-Draper. *Honesty!* with a Pox to her; Run, *Tom*,
 And fetch a Pail of VVater, or a Broom.
 If she comes hither, wash the lazy VVhore,
 Or sweep the Dirty Baggage from the Door;
 Let her not step within the Shop before :
 For as I live, I know the *Hide-bound* Jade,
 If countenanc'd, wou'd spoil the Linnen Trade.
 None like she scorns to Wear a Smock, we see,
 'Tis more the Effect of Pride than Poverty.
 VVe shall have Jilts to the same Fashion brought,
 Because, like her, they wou'd be honest thought;
 And in good faith, shou'd they no Linnen wear,
 Our VVives wou'd soon be forc'd to go as bare.

A precise Apothecary to his Man.

Theophilus, on the Precogitation,
 Twill be producing to our preservation,
 That you step backward to the Rubbish Hovel,
 And thence advance the longest Paring-Shovel;
 For *Honesty*, that squeamish Jade, I see,
 Is, God be thanked, reduc'd to Beggary.
 She Mendicates this way, I fear she'll stop,
 To Crave a Dram of Comfort at my Shop:
 But pray be sure you give her not a drop.

If she assumes the Impudence to come,
 And ask for me, Respond, I'm not at home:
 For thou'd the Jade behind the Compter run,
In verbe Medici, we are quite undone;
 She'll fracture all my Pots, confound my Pills,
 And in a Rage Incinerate all my Bills.

Honest. [aside.] The City too are heedless to my VVants;
 Sure all Mankind are deaf to my Complaints:
 How they sneak back, and downwards cast their Eyes,
 And stop their Ears against my mournful Cries!
 Alas! how hateful are the Just and Poor!
 The VVealthy Knaves that wallow in their Store!

Vicnaller to the Bar-keeper and his Servants.

Nouns VVife! Go lay the double-Chalk aside!
 And Rolls of Eighteen to the Dozen hide!
 Here Jack, Tom, Harry, Will, ye careless Rogues!
 Make haste and take away the little Mugs!
 Here's *Honesty* approaching, by my Troth!
 VVho knows but she may call to quench her drowth?
 And if she thou'd, we must not shut the Door.
 You know your License binds us to obey
 The meanest Vassels if they can but pay,
 VVho knows but the sly Gypsie to inform?
 I've heard the Jade does many a Man undo,
 I dread her more than all my Lord M-'s Crew!
 Tho', I thank my Stars, she's past my Door!
 Now as you were, my Lads, the Danger's o're.

Honest. [aside.] Bless me! how all the City seems amur'd!
 And Scowre about in Sholes, as if Confur'd!
 How frightful is my *Honest* aspect grown!
 That Men in such Disorder from me run!
 Gaze with seeming Hatred on my Face!
 And, like Infection, shun me as I pass!

A Grocer to his next Neighbour a Hozier.

Adzings! Here's *Honesty* among us come!
 VVhy can't the Lazy Carrion keep at home?
 Neighbour, methinks, 'tis both a Shame and Pity,
 Such Vagrants should be suffer'd in the City?
 Shou'd she come near my Shop, upon my Word,
 I'll take the Lazy Trull before my Lord:
 For he I'm sure, will countenance no Jade,
 That's such an open Enemy to Trade:

Were

Were she allow'd to Scout, and Pry about,
 What must become of all damag'd Fruit?
 Or if a Weight shou'd chance to prove too light,
 Why shou'd she think her self Affronted by't?
 The Buyer ought to lose, because 'tis plain,
 We can't grow Rich without immoderate Gain;
 And who wou'd be that Drudge, Efaith not I,
 To live a Retale Slave, and a poor Beggar die?
Hosier. Shou'd we not take the Liberty, God knows,
 To put off *Leicestershire*, for *Stramblide* Hose,
 And use some other little Sights, per Trade
 Wou'd scarce produce fat Fowls to grease our Bread,
 And must Dame Honesty, forsooth, give Rules?
 Which if observ'd, wou'd make us starving Fools:
 E'en let her beg, and hug her Misery,
 I'm sure she shall have no Support from me.

Honesty enters the Exchange.

Good Pious Christians, who are hither come,
 From all the Trading parts of Christendom:
 Listen with Pity to my Complaint,
 Of *Honesty* reduc'd to Rags and Want:
 My hopes of Succour have, alas, been Cross'd;
 Relieve me now, or I'm for ever lost.

[1. *Mer.*] Prithee Sweet-heart, thy *Hideous Cries* forbear,
 I doubt you'll find but cold reception here:
 Come not to *Change*, but to our Churches go,
 And let the Clergy thy Condition know:
 They shou'd thy chiefest Benefactors be,
 Who can have no regard to *Honesty*.

[2. *Mer.*] Prithee disturb us not with Sighs and Tears,
 We know you've starv'd in *England* many years:
 You take wrong Measures, and are much deceiv'd;
 If you expect on *Change* to be Reliev'd:
 For *Honesty* and *Trade* move different ways;
 And when one thrives, the other soon decays.

[3. *Mer.*] To Cells and Cloysters you your Course shou'd steer;
 Alas! we have no Business for you here:
 Or else abroad to our Plantations fly,
 And in our Western Isles thy Fortune try:
 You'll prove a Stranger to that sultry Air,
 And Strangers always are most welcome there:
 You see Old *England* frowns upon thy Wants;
 Visit the New, and try the *Boston* Saints:
 Con-

Conceal thy Name, and thou may'st there grow Rich;
 But if thou'rt known, they'll burn thee for a Witch:
 Poor Honesty is despis'd, if once Reveal'd,
 And can be no-where safe, unless Conceal'd.

Honesty. O wicked Age! that *Honesty* thou'd find,
 So little Charity amongst Mankind.

Poor *Indians*, whom the Christian World deride,
 That follow Nature as their only Guide:

Untaught by Scriptures, Unimprov'd by Schools,
 But from Dum Reason draw their doubtful Rules:

Sure such wild Savage Slaves, who little know
 Of Heaven's Laws, would much more pity show,

Than let poor *Honesty* become their Sport,
 And perish thus, for want of due Support.

O Cruel City! to refuse your Aid,

To a Starv'd Wretch to this sad End betray'd;

Impending Mischiefs threaten you, take heed,

Lest when I'm gone, your Ruin thou'd succeed;

For Kingdoms do from me their Strength derive,

And Towns without me, never yet cou'd thrive:

But since I'm hated, slighted, and abus'd,

And by all *Parties* thus severely us'd,

I'm call'd aloft, where I with speed must go,

And leave you to repent your ills below.

[She Dies.]

For Knaves like Shears, whose Edges are so Keen,
Must cut themselves, as we have often seen
For want of Honesty to put between ;
For now she's gone, say they, we've cause to fear,
All Men will prove as Errant Knaves, as we are ;
And then warm Fars and Struggles must arise,
About which Knave must be the other's Prize.
Like Privateers, they care not to Oppose
Each other, because there's Nothing got, but Blows ;
Sharks hate to Bite Sharks, the Wolf we find,
Cares not Hungry to assault his kind ;
But now Poor Honesty is snatch'd away,
'Tis well if Men don't prove worse Brutes than they.